AT THE THEATRES

THIS WEEK AT THE THEATRES

SALT LAKE THEATRE—Monday night, boxing contest; Tuesday and Wednesday and Wednesday matinee, "The Telephone Girl"; Friday night, University debate.

GRAND—Tonight, Held's band concert. Elleford Stock Company: Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday matinee, "Kidnapped;" Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee, "A Lion's Heart."

ANSWERING a question as to whether or not actors get tired of their parts a well known star said the other day:

"Nobody who has not been through the dreariness of it can possibly understand how utterly and hopelessly loathsome a part becomes to an actor after he has been batting away at it continuously, or almost continuously for a year or more. I suffer atrociously from the mere thought of a part that I have played continuously for a year, or even for six months. I learn to hate the part, to despise the character he represents, no matter how lovable or essentially noble that character may be."

We hardly believe the real sentiment of actors who are devoted to their profession is voiced in the utterance quoted. If it were true our stars could not go on playing the same part month after month and, in some cases, year after year, and pleasing the public. To be successful an actor must enjoy his part, just as the successful man in any business or profession must enjoy his work. All men get tired, of course, after they have done the same thing a great many times, and they rebel at the prospect of doing that same thing a great many times more. But after all, when the part fits snugly, whether it be played on or off the stage, your successful man would do nothing else if he could.

Think of the thousands of times Joseph Jefferson has played "Rip Van Winkle;" think of the number of performances of Edwin Booth in "Hamlet." And there are other stars who have played one part continuously for years. If they were dissatisfied they managed to conceal the fact admirably.

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On Thursday night next at the tabernacle the Salt Lake public will have its first opportunity to hear the Utah State band in concert. For months the band, under the direction of Anton Pedersen, who is without a superior in the west as a conductor, has been practicing assiduously. Professor Pedersen is a hard man to please, but even he has expressed great pleasure at the progress made by his musicians. He says the new band is far superior to the celebrated Knights of Pythias band, and that is paying a high compliment, indeed. The organization consists of thirty-six men, including the director. There are nine B flat clarinets, one E flat clarinet, two flutes, one oboe, one bassoon, four B flat cornets, four French horns, two baritones, four trombones, three brass basses, one string bass and three drums. The proceeds of the concert will be devoted to the nucleus of a music library and the purchase of uniforms. The programme for Thursday night, which includes some splendid vocal music, as well as one selection in which the choir, organ and band will join, is as follows:

1. Overture, "Oberon"..... Weber
2. (a) Caprice Gavotte, "Beaumarie"..... Carnes
   (b) Reverie, for reed section..... Schumann
3. Chorus, "Hallelujah," from "Mount of Olives"..... Beethoven
   Tabernacle Choir.
4. "Fackeltanz"..... Meyerbeer
5. Allegro Moderato, "Unfinished Symphony" (Arr. by Pedersen)..... Schubert
6. Quartette, "Dearest Malden"..... Vogel
   Imperial Male Quartette:
   First tenor, Thomas S. Ashworth.
   Second tenor, Wm. D. Phillips.
   First bass, Victor Christophersen.
   Second bass, J. Willard Squires.
7. Caprice Heroique, "Le Reveil du Lion"..... Konski
8. March, "Tannhauser"..... Wagner
   Band and Organ.
9. (a) "Love's Eternity"..... Rotoli
   (b) "When Celia Sings"..... Moir
   Miss Sigrid Pedersen.
10. Grand selection, "Faust"..... Gounod
11. Chorus, "Damascus"..... Costa
    Tabernacle Choir, Band and Organ.
12. March, "American Republic"..... Thiele

PRESS AGENT'S PROMISE.

Tomorrow night the Elleford stock company will commence a week of sensational comedy-drama, giving the patrons of the Grand two big scenic productions for their third week's offering. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday and Wednesday matinee they will present Dave Higgins' big New York success, "Kidnapped," which has never been seen in Salt Lake. For this big scenic production everything in the way of scenic equipment is carried by the company, no house scenery being used. The acme of stage realism is reached in the various scenes which this thrilling story of New York life demands. The great Brooklyn Bridge, the Old Rookery at Five Points, the East River, the sensational kidnapping scene and the pursuit by the "police patrol," with a squad of blue coats, are some of the thrilling and realistic scenes which have made this famous play a success. The story of the play is consistent and of absorbing interest from beginning to end with plenty of good wholesome comedy to offset the more pathetic scenes. The characters are true to life and not overdrawn, their prototypes are met with every day in the large cities, while the scenes are familiar to all who have visited New York City. No play of its kind possesses a stronger plot or more sensational incidents. The serious element is mingled with the comedy forming a combination that never fails to hold the closest attention of the spectator from the rise to the fall of the curtain. "Kidnapped" will be followed by Carl Haswin's sensational comedy-drama "A Lion's Heart," one of the biggest dramatic successes of two continents, a play that ran for 200 nights in one New York theatre, and afterwards achieved great success on the road. "A Lion's Heart" will be presented Thursday, Friday and Saturday and Saturday matinee. Seats now on sale at the box office.

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The seventh and prettiest edition of "The Telephone Girl" will be the attraction at the Salt Lake theatre for two performances on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 19 and 20. "The Telephone Girl" is no stranger here and the clever musical comedy is stronger, brighter and more tuneful this season than ever. Always on the alert and eager to provide generous entertainment, Manager Riggs has spared no expense to give "The Telephone Girl" an excellent equipment of principals, beauty and pictorial embellishment. The company numbers among its members Max Bloom, Ralph Riggs, Jules Bennett, Arthur Conrad and E. R. Smith. Miss Mamie Keogh, who will appear as Toots, is hailed as the coming operatic soubrette of the country. Her vivacity and beauty are an agreeable match for her grace in dancing and perfection in singing. The Misses Kendall and Thompson will offer a series of cornet duets incidental to act two, and the entire female chorus will contain the handsomest lot of show girls on tour today. All in all, this season's presentation of "The Telephone Girl" will mark a high standard. A special bargain matinee will be given Wednesday.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Ned Harrigan was contrasting his own stage coach trip to the Pacific coast with the special train luxury of the Weber-Fields company, that has been so extensively advertised. "Things were very different for the atrical wanderers in the '60s," said Mr. Harrigan. "Going by stage from one small town to another near San Francisco I sat outside with the driver. The man who occupied the box seat on the other side of him asked:

"'Say, Bill, did you see that show last night?'

"'I should say I did,' was the reply of the driver, 'and if ever I got hold of the troupe that gave that show I'd blow them full of holes. They wasn't worth shucks.'

"'Say, Bill,' continued my companion on the box, 'do you mean to say you don't know you've got them show folks inside this trip?'

"'No, I don't,' replied the driver, suddenly pulling up.

"He jumped from the box," continued Mr. Harrigan, "and threw open the door of the coach. "Now, all you folks git out,' he roared, 'every one of ye. It's eight miles to the next town, and you've got to tramp it. You won't suffer any more'n you made me suffer last night.'

"I thought he was going to overlook me, but the other fellows in the company took care of that. I got down and walked with the others, and it was the longest eight miles I ever tramped. But Bill was not to be appeased. For no money would he let us ride any further in his coach. Furthermore, he saw to it that the story was well told in the hotel bar room before we got there."

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When William Morris was playing in "The Lost Paradise" some years ago the company happened to be booked in a western town noted for its religious tendencies, where theatricals were viewed askance. Companies played there only when the exigencies of booking made it absolutely necessary.

"What was our surprise, therefore," said Mr. Morris, "when we got to the theatre and were informed by the manager that the house was sold out.

"'Say,' he asked, 'what sort o' a show is this, anyhow? Sort o' religious, ain't it?'

"Our manager outlined the plot to him. Never did I see such a transformation in a man's face; then, with one short, powerful expletive, he started down the street on a dead run.

"That night the theatre was filled to overflowing—men with elongated locks and clerical bearing, a perfect symposium of parsons, preachers and theologues. Every last one of them held a book open before him. For an overture the orchestra played 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' and the audience raised its voices in chorus.

"Well, we didn't get far in the first act before pandemonium broke loose. One old preacher jumped over the footlights and called me every name in both testaments and several that were in neither.

"And what do you think it was all about?

"The town was the seat of a theological institution, and every mother's son of them, and daughter, too, seeing the name of the play, 'The Lost Paradise,' had come to hear a reading from Milton's 'Paradise Lost.'

"That was the way the manager had billed it.

"We left on a freight that night, and didn't play a return date."

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Here are the very pick of the jokes in "Piff, Paff, Pouff":

Eddie Foy—Put not an enemy into thy mouth to breed rats in thy garret.

Miss Fischer—When a widow marries, it is the triumph of hope over experience.

Mr. Hyams—The latest play? "McAdoo About Nothing."

Eddie Foy—A friend in need is a bore indeed.

Mr. Hyams—Do you play bridge?

Mr. Miron—I live in Brooklyn.

Miss Cameron—You have a curl and your eyes are blue.

Eddie Foy—Yes, they call me Kyrle Bellew.

* * *

Sarah Bernhardt possesses wit as well as common sense. A well known French palmist was considering going to England to practice her art, and was in doubt as to whether she would be as successful on the other side of the channel as she had been at home. Among other people she consulted Mme. Bernhardt on the subject.

"Would I succeed if I went to London?" the palmist asked.

"You had better look at your hand and find out," was the reply.

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Miss Jessie Milward was among the actresses recently interrogated upon the advisability of young women adopting the profession of acting as a means to a livelihood. There were several of them, and, as is usually and, one might say, periodically the case, each summed up her personal experiences and granted advice accordingly. Miss Milward's opinion contained as much of good judgment as any. She said:

"The ordinary young woman has an altogether perverted idea of the stage. I receive dozens of letters from young girls asking my advice. Most of these girls are in good circumstances and are not forced by necessity to earn a livelihood. There is a glitter and glamour to the stage which quite bewilders them. They see the successful actress and they hear the applause, and their modicum of intelligence goes no further. They do not realize the years of work which went to make that success. Here is an example which, while it may strike you as somewhat overdrawn, is absolutely true. It shows what I call the kitchen idea of the stage.

"The other day a maid came here with a message from a friend who lives up town. She was a new maid, and perhaps rather raw. While I was writing she went to the mantel and looked over the photographs. Suddenly she blurted out: 'Are you an actress?' 'I sometimes have been called so,' I answered. 'Well, do you know,' she said, 'I've always wanted to go on the stage, and now that I've seen you I think that I will'—and there you are. That girl's ideas, ludicrous as they seem, are no more absurd than those of dozens of others who should have more intelligence."

* * *

Francis Wilson is a sailor. Possibly not a sailor bold—but still a sailor. At his home on Long Island sound he has a small sailboat, and during his vacation he frequently explores the depths fifty and a hundred yards from the shore.

This boat has been named Psyche, which seems to fit the light and airy nature of the craft, and of it he is rather proud among the host of common place names of many other local boats.

One day last summer Mr. Wilson was on the pier when he saw a grizzly oysterman regarding with a disgusted expression the name as it appears on the stern. Pointing with his thumb he called his companion's attention to it and said:

"'P-s-y-c-h-e!' Well, if that ain't the durndest way I ever seen to spell 'fish'!"

* * *

It was an amusing little story when it was first told upon Miss Ethel Barrymore, and now that it is being retold it is none the less readable. The actress is about to write a book. Someone—we forget at this moment whether it was Cadmus or just one of the officials of the Jockey club—once made a long winded complaint to the effect that "of the making of books there is no end," writes a Philadelphian. Not having the good luck to be born in Indiana, but hailing instead from Philadelphia, Miss Barrymore labors under some disadvantage. But not everyone can be born in Indiana and experience the beneficent effects of that climate, which seems to cause "two authors to grow where only one author grew before." But to return to the book.

"I saw Joseph Jefferson a few days ago," observed a friend to Miss Barrymore, "and he wished to be remembered to you. Said he couldn't realize that you were really grown up, and that it seemed only a few weeks or months since you were a little girl in the convent in Philadelphia."

"Did he say that I used to sit upon his knee?" inquired Miss Barrymore, with every appearance of anxiety.

"No, I don't think he did," said the puzzled friend.

"I'm very glad of that," said the star, with a sigh of relief. "You see," she went on to explain, "so many of the distinguished old actors have told me of the days when I was a child and sat upon their knees that I have been thinking of writing a history of the stage and calling it "Knees I Have Sat Upon.'"

* * *

A good story is told by a former player in Mansfield's company. To those who know the real Mansfield the following narrative is doubly interesting for its truthfulness:

"We were playing in a large northern city several years ago," remarked the actor, "and, as every one knows, Mr. Mansfield's temper is not the mildest thing in the world when blunders are made in the way of stage affairs. It happened that a thick-headed stage hand incurred the great man's wrath one night, and Mr. Mansfield made at him in a fury, half scaring the fellow out of his wits. To save the luckless workman the stage manager sent him away to do some other work until our engagement should have terminated. We of the company thought we saw a chance for some fun in all this.

Later on in the evening, when Mr. Mansfield was in one of the wings, waiting for his cue, several of us got on the other side of a piece of scenery and began talking in loud enough tones for him to hear plainly.

"'That chap the governor jumped on tonight was fired,' remarked one of our number.

"'Yes, poor devil,' said another, 'he didn't earn but $8 a week, and he's got a wife and seven children at home.'

"'They tell me, remarked a third, 'that his whole family is down sick and likely to starve to death. I don't think the governor ought to have been so hard on the fellow. Of course the stage manager couldn't do anything but fire the boy after the governor had raised so much cain.'

"Then we began talking about other things and let the seed thus sown fructify of its own accord. Nothing more was said or done until after the performance, and then 'the governor' came to me—he had recognized my voice—and handed me $10. 'That's for the stage hand who was fired tonight,' he said. I thanked him and said we were raising a purse for the fellow.

"Well, next night we did practically the same thing, only we told stories of how the poor man was to be turned out of his house on the morrow unless he produced the five months' rent for which he was in arrears, and then 'the governor' came across with $20. The object of our crocodile tears, as it happened, was a bachelor and was having an easy time of it all the while.

"But I noticed one thing. 'The governor' was quite a little gentler for four or five days and—well, you know how many beers and things $30 will buy, and he had donated that amount to the good cause, you remember."

* * *

Dan Daly in his younger days essayed to write fiction, and went to the editor of a Boston paper with his first effusion. The editor criticised the work severely and advised the future comedian to study Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The vein of humor peculiar to Daly had developed even at that early date. He said, reflectively:

"If my story were printed it would measure about half a column would it not?"

"About that," replied the editor, wondering what that had to do with it.

"Your rate of payment is $5 per column, I believe?" pursued the young man.

"Yes."

"Good day. I like to be pleasant and agreeable and popular with everybody; I am even willing to dethrone Hawthorne to please an editor—but not for $2, not for $2."

Whereupon he casually departed.

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William H. Crane, the actor, has as many friends in Washington as an Ohio politician. The lawmakers have never forgotten his favorite play of some seasons ago, and he is always called "Senator." Mr. Crane recently placed in Washington, and was royally received at the White House, the Capitol and the clubs. While at one of the latter a gentleman who had enjoyed the actor's performance remarked:

"Well, Crane, I want to make you a present. I'm going to give you a dog."

"What breed?" asked the actor.

"A Russian wolfhound," was the reply.

"Sorry," said Mr. Crane, "but I can't accept a Russian wolfhound."

"Why?" asked the friend in surprise.

"I have a Japanese valet," answered the actor, "and as for myself, I'm neutral."

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"Really, comic opera is grand!" and Fritzi Scheff laughed merrily at the urbane Mr. Edwards, her manager.

"There, I've made a comical American pun, isn't that grand? Oh, there, that's a worse one," and the former "pet of grand opera" assumed a look of horror that would charm an idol.

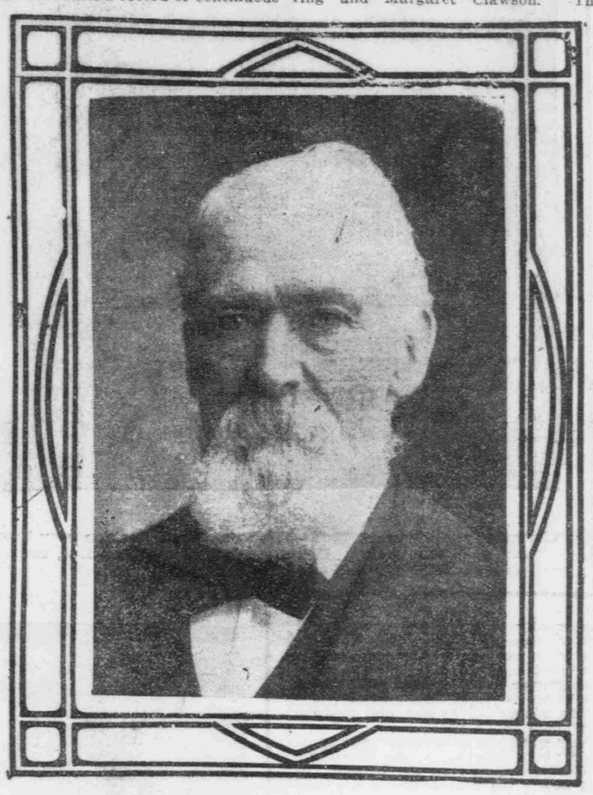
"Comic opera," continued the Scheff, impetuously, "I love it. I adore it! I could not do my best work in grand opera, although I have studied it all my life. Americans treat grand opera much differently than Europeans. Why, in Munich, for instance, the companies which sing 'Faust,' 'Lohengrin,' and 'Tannhauser,' also sing 'Fra Diavolo,' 'Mignon,' 'La Boheme,' 'The Daughter of the Regiment' and other operas which you call 'light' here in America.

"There is much more opportunity to accomplish something in a comic opera of high class. You may be a singer, an actor, a speaker—all three—to the fullest extent in comic opera. In grand opera you need to be only a singer. So I feel free, I feel as if I had room when I am making the most of a role in opera comique. There is more scope, the field is broader, and the work is better suited to my personality, and my love for it naturally results in my singing and acting better."

FORTY YEARS IN THE THEATRE

Reminiscences of the Drury Lane of the West by Stage Carpenter Evans, Who Has Been Connected With the Institution Since 1862.

IN a little more than a month he will be 74 years old. His hair and his beard are as white as any snow. But he walked down the street with his shoulders squared back and his step was as elastic as a boy's as he he approached the stage door of the Salt Lake theatre. For forty-two years James Evans, head stage carpenter, has handled properties and scenery on the stage of the playhouse that has come to be known in theatrical circles as "the Drury Lane of the west." If any other theatre in the United States has a man with such a record of continuous



JAMES EVANS.

and faithful service it is time he was being heard from.

During his years behind the curtain Mr. Evans has helped to stage productions for all of the country's greatest actors and actresses in this and the last generation. Names that are only shadowy memories to playgoers of today are written deeply in the recollection of this veteran, for he saw the men and women who made them famous when they were at the zenith of their fame. There was Thomas Lyne, who came here from Denver forty-odd years ago to play Damon in "Damon and Pythias," to star in "Pizarro" and "Sir Giles Overreach" and "The Apostate." Mr. Lyne liked Salt Lake so well that he took up his residence here. A son, W. C. Lyne, is now in business in Salt Lake. Later came Mr. and Mrs. Irwin, Julia Dean Hayne, George B. Waldron, Annette Ince, George Pauncefort, John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, Edwin Booth, Mary Anderson, Annie Adams, mother of Maude, and Maude herself, and hundreds of others.

When Theatre Was Built.

When Mr. Evans came to Salt Lake, in September, 1861, the walls of the theatre were just fifteen feet high. Arriving on Friday, he began work at the theatre the following Monday. Water power from a wheel placed in an irrigating ditch on State street was used in hoisting stone to the scaffold platforms. The wheel was located about where the Rocky Mountain Bell telephone building is now. A belt was run from the wheel to pulleys on a crude derrick and the hoisting of the stone was made easy.

Mr. Evans' part of the performance was to help another stout young man to carry stone on the scaffolding to the masons. All that winter building operations were carried on, and in March, 1862, the first performance in the Theatre was given. The play was called "The Pride of the Market," and some of the players were John T. Caine, H. B. Clawson, Phil Margetts, David McKenzie, John C. Graham, Henry Bowring and Margaret Clawson. "The Pride of the Market" made a great hit with the public, and the impromptu season did not close until early in May.

Four Galleries at First.

As originally built the Theatre had four galleries, or balconies, instead of three, as at present. Experience soon showed that distance between the galleries was so narrow that it was impossible for those sitting on the rear benches to get even a glimpse of the stage. The error was rectified in the summer of 1862 by tearing out all of the balconies and rebuilding three of them. The general plan of the building, interior and exterior, has never been materially changed since.

In the Salt Lake theatre the first horseshoe arrangement of seats was used. Every modern theatre in the United States uses that plan now. When first opened the Theatre had benches instead of separate seats. Down the middle of the parquet ran a partition dividing the benches in that section. A rail divided the parquet from the dress circle, which contained two rows of benches at the stage and half a dozen rows at the rear.

It should be noted here that the first flat curtain used in any theatre in the country was used in the Salt Lake theatre. In consisted of canvas stretched and tacked on a wooden frame and was hoisted by means of a great windlass in what is now the fly gallery. The services of a dozen strong men were required to hoist that old curtain. So cumbersome did it prove and so cramped was it in the space set apart for it that at the close of the first season a roller curtain was substituted.

Brigham Young's Chair.

President Brigham Young was a great patron of the drama in the early days of the Theatre. His favorite seat was an armchair set in the seventh row of parquet benches, an end of a bench having been sawed off to admit it. The president also had a box reserved for his special use, the upper right stage box—there were no boxes on the parquet floor then, and no stalls. The stage ran out over the space now occupied by the orchestra, with a door on either side for actors to reach the stage from when they desired to respond to curtain calls.

The illuminant was coal oil. The side lights on the stage consisted of lamps in boxes, five to a box. Over every box was a slide, which could be lowered gradually, giving the players as strong or as dim a light as they desired. Another ingenious contrivance was that by which the footlights were worked. Each lamp sat in a hole bored in the center of a disk. Attached to the disks were tin shades which, when the footlights were on full, rested against the stationary shades next to the audience. A wire or string was attached to each disk and all were attached to levers off stage.

How Darkness Was Produced.

When it was necessary to darken the footlights a lever was pulled, the disks swung around, carrying with them the shades, and the lights were effectually cut off. The pulling of another lever on the other side of the stage turned the lights on again. The auditorium was lighted lamps in brackets around the first balcony rail and at the exits. Things have changed since then. The veteran, Mr. Evans, has seen coal oil give way to gas and that to electricity, and he is prepared for any further changes that may come.

The first gas used in the Theatre came through pipes laid from a plant installed in a little building to the west. It was made from gasoline, and was extremely unsatisfactory, because it had a pleasant little habit of going out when too much air got into the pipes, which was often, unless the plant was very carefully watched. In 1872 the benches were all taken out and chairs substituted. At the same time lower stage boxes and stalls were put in and the stage cut back a distance of seven feet. Since then, except for comparatively trifling alterations, the Theatre has remained the same in general appearance.

Theatre's First Real Season.

In was in November, 1862, that the real first season began. The play was "Signor Ballianti," founded on the war between the United States and Mexico, and John T. Caine was the star performer. Mr. Evans' work started then, and he has kept it up continuously ever since. First he was assistant property man. In that position he remained for several years, when he was promoted to be assistant stage carpenter. Then he became head carpenter, a role he has filled to the thorough satisfaction, not only of the different theatre managers, but of the professional and amateur players with whom he has come in contact.

The first outside star Mr. Evans handled scenery for was Thomas Lyne. Lyne came here to help out the Home Dramatic company and appeared in a number of roles. He was well known to the Salt Lake public because he had given performances in Nauvoo. Mr. Lyne at once became one of the mainstays of the company. He took up his residence here and, up to his death, fourteen or fifteen years ago, was a prominent figure in local theatricals. Later came Mr. and Mrs. Irwin and Julia Dean Haynes. They played "Romeo and Juliet," "The Hunchback" and other dramas. Annette Ince followed them, and she in turn was followed by all the old-time men and women stars.

Maud Adams on Tea Tray.

Mr. Evans has a very lively recollection of Annie Adams, mother of Maude Adams. He staged the first production in which she appeared, as a girl of 17. "And a very handsome girl she was, too, in 'Solon Shingle,'" said Mr. Evans. "She was a splendid reader and was a great favorite from his first performance." Mr. Evans was not entirely sure about Maude's first appearance. "I know," he said, "that John S. Lindsay claims he introduced Maude to the stage. He says he carried her on on a tea tray, and you can understand from that that she wasn't a very big girl. The play was "The Lost Child." I remember very distinctly that Mr. Lindsay did carry a baby on on a tea tray, but whether the child was Maude Adams or not I don't know.

"The greatest performance I ever saw from the wings?" Mr. Evans repeated the question thoughtfully. "I think I may say without hesitation," he went on, "that the greatest performance I have ever seen was Edwin Booth's Hamlet. I had met Mr. Booth, but I could not say I knew him. He was a shy, retiring man. Almost invariably he would stay in his dressing room until time for him to go on the stage, and as soon as his act was over he would return to his dressing room.

Booth's Reading of Hamlet.

"The night I saw him play Hamlet I stood in the second entrance. Before he had spoken a dozen lines I forgot everything except the wonderful man on the stage. I forgot I was stage carpenter, forgot I was in the Theatre, even. Mr. Booth's reading of Hamlet gave a new and more beautiful meaning to every word Shakespeare wrote into the play. In my time I have seen many actors and actresses in many plays, but I have never seen but one Booth and one Hamlet, and I never expect to see another."

Mr. Evans has a very vivid recollection of John McCullough. "I think Mr. McCullough was one of the most realistic actors I ever saw. He actually seemed to transfer his identity to the character he played, to suffer with him and for him as the real character would have suffered if he had been a living man. I remember well a scene in a Roman play Mr. McCullough put on. As the ruler he was called upon to sentence his own son to death. He was apparently as much exercised as any father would be under such circumstances. I know he actually wept, because I saw the tears roll down his cheeks."

An Exciting Incident.

George Pauncefort, as Mr. Evans remembers him, was a most irascible genius. On one occasion the property man failed to have some necessary article in the right place at the right time. Pauncefort was crazy mad about it. He picked up a heavy club and began hunting for that property man. "If he had found him there would have been a sure enough killing, too," said Mr. Evans. "But the property man had sense enough to hide somewhere until the gale had blown over."

In the old days it didn't take money to buy seats in the Theatre. Of course the management preferred coin, but a patron didn't have the cash he could go to the presiding bishop's office and turn in potatoes or cabbage or 'most anything and get an order for seats. Mr. Evans has such an order. It is signed by Bishop Edward Hunter and calls for gallery seats for three Indians, Jim, John and Dave. It is quite probable that if somebody should offer to trade Manager Pyper produce for seats today Mr. Pyper would pick out a nice, clean spot on the floor of his office and enjoy a spasm.

The Salt Lake theatre is the fourth oldest playhouse in the United States. Mr. Evans is undoubtedly the oldest stage carpenter, in point of continuous service, in the country. Let us hope both playhouse and veteran are good for many more years.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S EARLY STRUGGLES

The early struggles of dramatists and playwrights have been the basis of a good many stories, but it is always interesting to hear how some American playwrights won fame and fortune and conquered disappointments during the time when the American playwright was practically an unknown quantity. There has probably been no native dramatist who became more famous in his day than Bartley Campbell, and yet he only met success after a long period of thankless work. Al G. Field was one of Campbell's bosom friends when both men were having a hard row to hoe in order to make both ends meet.

"I don't care to tell how many years ago it was," said Mr. Field, "that Campbell and I were hustling for a living in Pittsburg. I had just begun to feel an itching for a theatrical career, and Campbell was eking out an existence on a small newspaper. Old John Ellsler was western manager of the Grand opera house in that city, and every night found us there hanging around and looking for a chance to do something. The first success that Campbell had was the acceptance of a story by an unimportant magazine, the title of which was "From Ocean to Ocean." Campbell came to me one day full of enthusiasm and said that he wanted to dramatize the story. I thought he was one of the brightest men I had ever met, and of course I gave him every encouragement. It was then submitted to Mr. Ellsler and after a great deal of negotiation and many conferences he agreed to give it a trial production. A company was organized and the first and last performance was given at Akron, O. It was a dire failure.

"I shall never forget Campbell's condition when he realized that he had fallen down. He was inconsolable. He wept, threatened to take his life and swore he would never again touch his pen to paper. At first I didn't understand how a man could grieve so over the failure of his work, but later I realized what it meant for a young author to realize his talent and ability and not appreciate the handicap of inexperience, which was the real cause of failure.

"For months I could do nothing with my friend. He seemed to have completely given up the idea of making anything of himself. Then came the news that another young newspaper man, Bronson Howard, had written a society play which had been produced by Augustin Daly in New York, and had met with instantaneous success. This acted with almost electrical effect on my temperamental comrade. He went to work on a new play—a sort of society drama, which he called "Peril," or "On the Beach at Longbranch." He worked even harder on this piece than on his first undertaking and I was afraid he would break down before it was completed. It was produced and succeeded. That was the beginning of Bartley Campbell's career as a playwright. Each effort brought him more finished product and he became firmly established. The first play, "From Ocean to Ocean," which nearly wrecked his career, was rewritten by him and again produced under the title of "Across the Continent." It was immensely successful and in later years he told me that of all plays he had ever written this was his favorite.

"'You see, Al,' he would say, 'It was my first baby, and I feel toward it just that way.' Knowing what I did know and having been with him I understood."

Mutual.

(Chicago News.)

Puffkins—My wife is an unusually smart woman.

Duffey—She is, eh?

Puffkins—She considers me a wonderfully smart man and, of course, she must be a very smart woman in order to realize how smart I am.

His Bright Idea.

(Judge.)

Cheops was building the pyramid.

"That was a bright idea of my own, he explained. "I was bound to put some laundry marks on a thing they couldnt mangle.

With a rueful glance at his cuffs, he felt he had outwitted his mortal foe.

A Strenuous Occupation.

(Town Topics.)

English Tourist—I suppose there is a great deal of work attached to the presidency in this country.

American—There is when you are looking for renomination.

OPENING SECOND ACT IN "THE TELEPHONE GIRL."